

UP TO DATE

## SPORTING NEWS AND COMMENT

EDITED BY  
ROBERT EDGREN.

HAPPENINGS AT THE BRITT-MCGOVERN BATTLE.

TERRIBLE TERRY  
OF OLD AWAKE  
AGAINST BRITT

Brooklyn Boy Outslugs the Pride of the Pacific Coast, but Battle in the Garden Arena Was a Draw on Points.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

Terrific Terry McGovern gave Jimmy Britt a fierce fight last night at Madison Square Garden. It was a ten-round affair, and Terry plunged and slugged every inch of it in the old aggressive McGovern manner. He was entirely unlike the careful Terry who fought Nelson a while ago.

Looking at it as a slugging match, Terry had the best of it. He took all the wallop Jimmy sent over and came back greedily for more.

But Britt was faster and much more clever. He outpointed Terry round after round. Through the first half of the fight he looked like a sure winner. On points Britt could not be given worse than a draw.

Just before the bout I visited Jimmy Britt in his dressing-room. He was worried. Some one had just come in to see him, and had told him that Terry was in very bad shape mentally, and that a knockout would do him a serious injury—perhaps kill him. Britt answered that if he found Terry in bad shape he would not hit him at all, and that the bout would have to be stopped at once.

Up in Terry's quarters, on the third floor, there was no indication of anything wrong. Terry ready in good time, had put on a gray sweater and was sitting out on the balcony looking at the last preliminary bout. When I came up he shook hands and began asking about the performances of the American athletes at Athens.

I didn't see anything about this time of talk to indicate mental disorder, and to tell the truth I never saw Terry looking brighter.

A few minutes before 10 both men came into the ring ready for business. Terry had Joe Humphreys as his man, and Charley Mayhew. Sam Harris, with his coat off, stood in the corner. Britt, in a red-striped sweater and a jaunty-looking cap, sat across from him. The sweater was soon pulled off. Referee Tim Hurst called the men off to mid-ring to give instructions. A flashlight was taken for the Evening World, and a few moments later, without any of the tedious delays common to boxing matches between first-class fighters, the bout began.

Britt as Fine as Silk.

Jimmy Britt, as he came to the scratch, looked an ideal fighter. He was lean and trim as a race horse, and his muscles played easily under a skin as smooth as satin.

Terry was a different matter. He looked much bigger than in his last fight. He had developed a lot of muscles about the arms and shoulders. But he was big-waisted, too. His legs were thick and muscular. It did not seem possible that he could have all of his old-time speed and punishing power.

As they met Terry slammed his left fist into Britt's ribs. They clinched. Immediately Terry began hammering away at Britt's body. Britt backed away and stopped Terry's rush with a fierce left jab. Britt feinted and clinched.

In the second round both fighters went right into a hard mix. Terry cleverly blocked two well-meant hooks that might have hurt his ribs.

Then, in a flying mixup, Terry put a savage left hook over Britt's right eye. Britt bled in and slugged with both hands, but he was bleeding fast, and Terry fought all the harder when he saw the damage he had done. In a clinch he began using blows that looked low. They broke away and stood toe to toe, slugging with both hands. The bell rang in the middle of a furious mixup. Every man in the house was on his feet, yelling. It was McGovern's turn.

THERE WAS A KNOCKOUT;  
TIM HURST TOOK COUNT

Mr. Terry McGovern and Mr. James Britt fought ten vicious rounds in Madison Square Garden last night. Referee Tim Hurst took the count at the end of every round and was saved by the bell.

Round one—Terry landed first. Round two—Tim came up fresh. He mated it with the fighters and was winded. Long live Sparrow Robertson, the timer! He saved 'em.

Round three—Hurst was cautious. With ponderous faculties he avoided punishment. Oh, what angelic music—the bell.

ARTHUR DUFFEY GOES  
BACK ON CINDER PATH.

Arthur Duffey, the phenomenal sprinter, is going after the record for the fifty, seventy-five and hundred-yard dashes to-morrow at Southwood, N. J. It will be Duffey's first appearance on the cinder path since his return from Australia. "I have been doing considerable athletic training for two months," he said, "but do not know what I shall accomplish. I am going after the record and will do my best."

Baseball To-day, 4 P. M., American League Park, N. Y. Americans vs. Washington.

round, and it was turning out a great fight.

Terry Was Jarred.

Britt started the ball rolling in the third. He jabbed Terry in the face; he hooked him in the stomach. Britt was mixing now. He drove Terry across the ring and flattened him against the ropes on the other side.

Sliding away, McGovern surged back with a storm of blows. Britt, cool and clever, blocked them all, and retaliated with a left swing in the stomach—hard—that jarred Terence back on his heels.

Terry landed a couple of hard swings, and then Britt changed to the defensive and jabbed him off. Three times Jim shot his left to the mark and got away without a return.

They started right at it when the bell rang again. Terry was laughing. Britt ripped a swift left into his ribs. Terry lost his grin. He put a right over on Britt's jaw. The Californian clinched and Terence began hammering at his body and roughing it.

As McGovern swung again Jim caught him flush on the jaw with a right-hand smash that sent him staggering. Terry was badly off. Another hard swing on the jaw with the left jarred him back again. Britt landed a right to the heart, and they clinched. Terry, furious, managed to hook his left hand over to Britt's jaw in the break, and again the bell rang. It was Britt's round.

So was the fifth. They mixed it from the bell. Terry looked very tired and he was puffing. Britt hooked a hard right into his body, and Terry dropped to his knees. It was the only knockdown in the fight. Terry jumped up, James' voice, forcing McGovern to break ground. Terry looked weak. Britt was winking to his seconds.

Terry Fighting Hard.

Britt went on again, and McGovern used a few swings. He was hitting hard. Britt's cleverness was not fighting up to his usual form. Terry was a hard right-hand punch in the body.

The sixth was Terry's again. They traded a few jabs. Then Terry rushed in and landed a right to the head. Britt couldn't avoid them. A furious blow caught him on the ear. Terry rushed him back. They exchanged blows after blow, both standing up to the punishment. Terry had the best of it. Both were tired at the end of the round.

Spurt Britt smashed Terry, a fierce right on the chin. Terry came back to the ropes, where Jim put over a right to the ribs. Britt jabbed, and McGovern deliberately took the blows and forced Terry to come out slugging in the seventh. So did Britt. It was a great mix-up.

Britt Staggered Mac.

They slugged again through the eighth. Terry rushed at Britt, head down, and hit him on the chest. They exchanged right swings. Terry was taking punishment for a chance to return the blow.

Terry was sent out to wind things up in the ninth. He started like a gun, aimed at Jim's jaw. The swing was in the punch, but Britt stood him off with weak jabs. Terry fought Britt to the ropes, where Jim put over a right cross that jarred him back again. Terry missed swings, and then he landed a back and mid ring. There they mixed it. That was a furious bit of fighting. Terry was outgassed and had to cover.

Terry was sent out again for the tenth. Then it was a real mix-up. Terry landed a right to the head, and Britt countered with a left to the jaw. Britt, who had been jabbed, and again, and the best of the exchanges. Terry broke away and rushed. Britt landed a right to the head, and again. Again they mixed it for a full minute, neither giving an inch. Both were landing hard blows. Terry was better. Terry finally reached the chin with a hook that made Britt clinch and caught McGovern with a right apparent—quitting on the chin. And then the bell rang.

Round four—Poor Tim! What a slaughter.

Round five—The poor referee! He is wobbly. His hands legs do spiral stunts. He cannot cover, and at the end of the round he is winded.

Round six—Read the fifth round over again. Round seven—Commit the fifth round to memory.

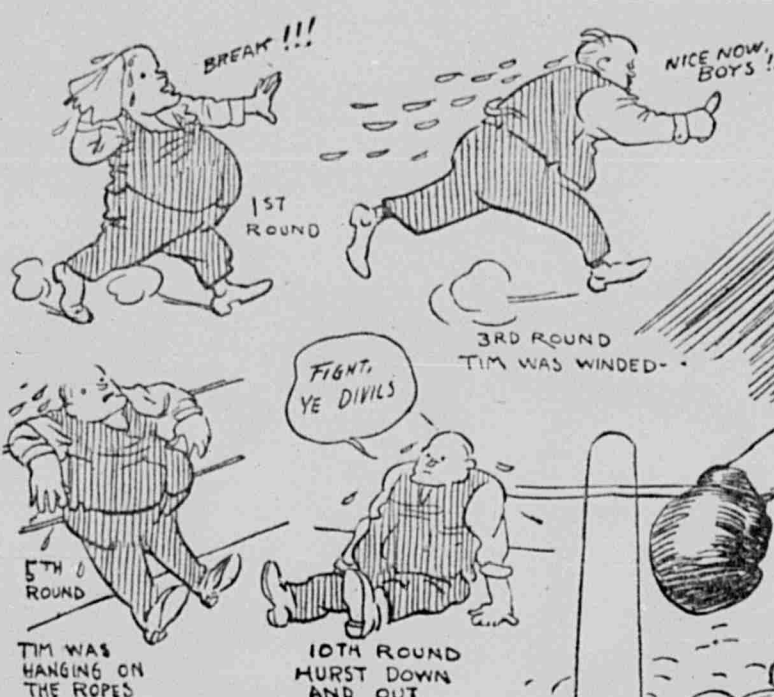
Round eight—Mr. Hurst's condition begins deteriorating, actually. Round nine—No use. Words fail us. Round ten—Knockout out—Hurst.

## Ama teur Baseball.

The Evening World will gladly print news, scores, challenges, &c., of all amateur baseball teams in and around New York. Pictures of captains and individual players will also be printed from time to time. Address: Editor of the Evening World, Publisher Building, Park Row, New York City.

The amateur baseball news will appear in the

Noon and City Editions

BROOKLYN GETS  
MORE SUNDAY DATES

President Harry Pulliam, of the National League, yesterday announced a number of changes in the playing schedule of the league for the present season. Thirteen of them are changes to Sunday dates in Brooklyn.

Following is the revised schedule: At Brooklyn—With Boston, June 4 to June 8, Aug. 31 to Sept. 2; Philadelphia, Sept. 15 to July 1, July 8 to July 8, Sept. 11 to Sept. 9, Sept. 10 to Sept. 10; Chicago, June 18 to June 10, Aug. 18 to Aug. 12; Cincinnati, June 21 to June 17, Aug. 8 to Aug. 5; Pittsburgh, Oct. 2 to Sept. 30; St. Louis, July 30 to July 22, Sept. 24 to Sept. 23.

At New York—With Boston, June 30. At Cincinnati—With St. Louis, Oct. 4 to June 8 (two games), Oct. 6 to Sept. 6; at St. Louis—Cincinnati, Philadelphia, July 9; with Cincinnati Sept. 7 instead of Sept. 6. Postponed and tied games will be played off as follows: At Cincinnati, with St. Louis, Sept. 6 (two games); at Pittsburgh, with St. Louis, Sept. 5 (two games); at St. Louis, with Pittsburgh, June 25 and July 1 (two games).

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SECOND RACE—The Colonial, 8 furlongs, main course.

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THIRD RACE—The Amateur Cup, one mile.

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FOURTH RACE—The Whitney Memorial, one mile.

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